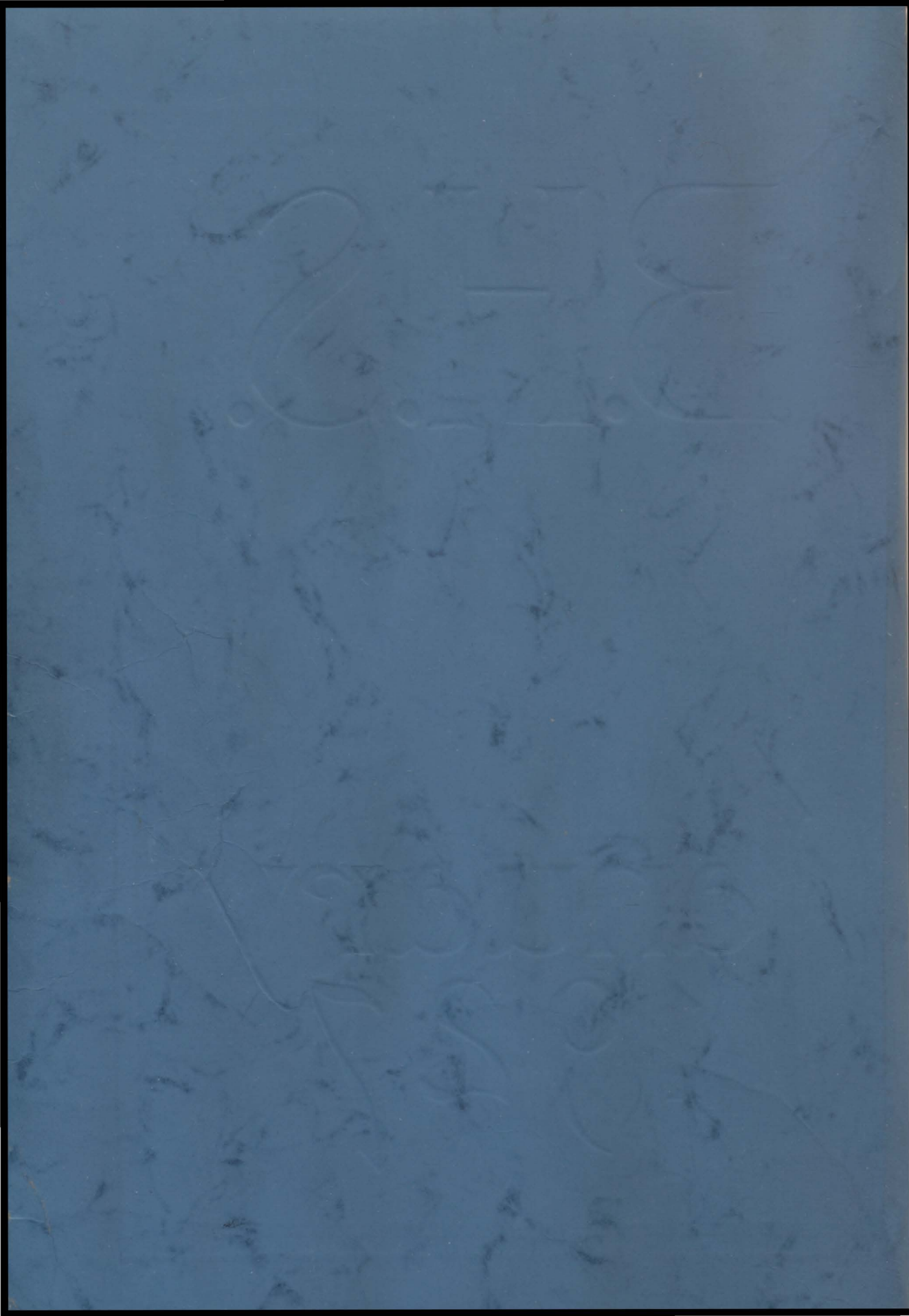
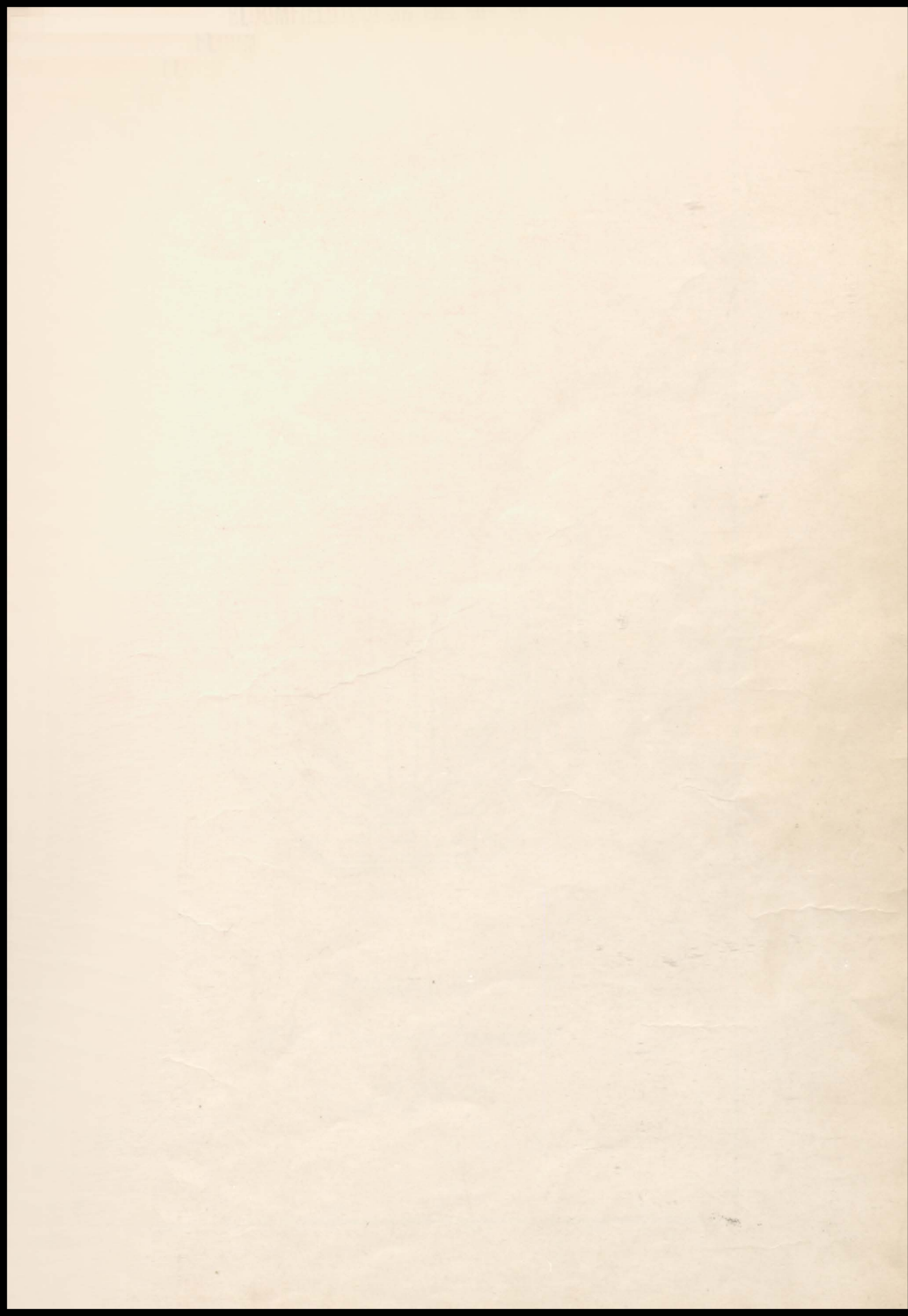


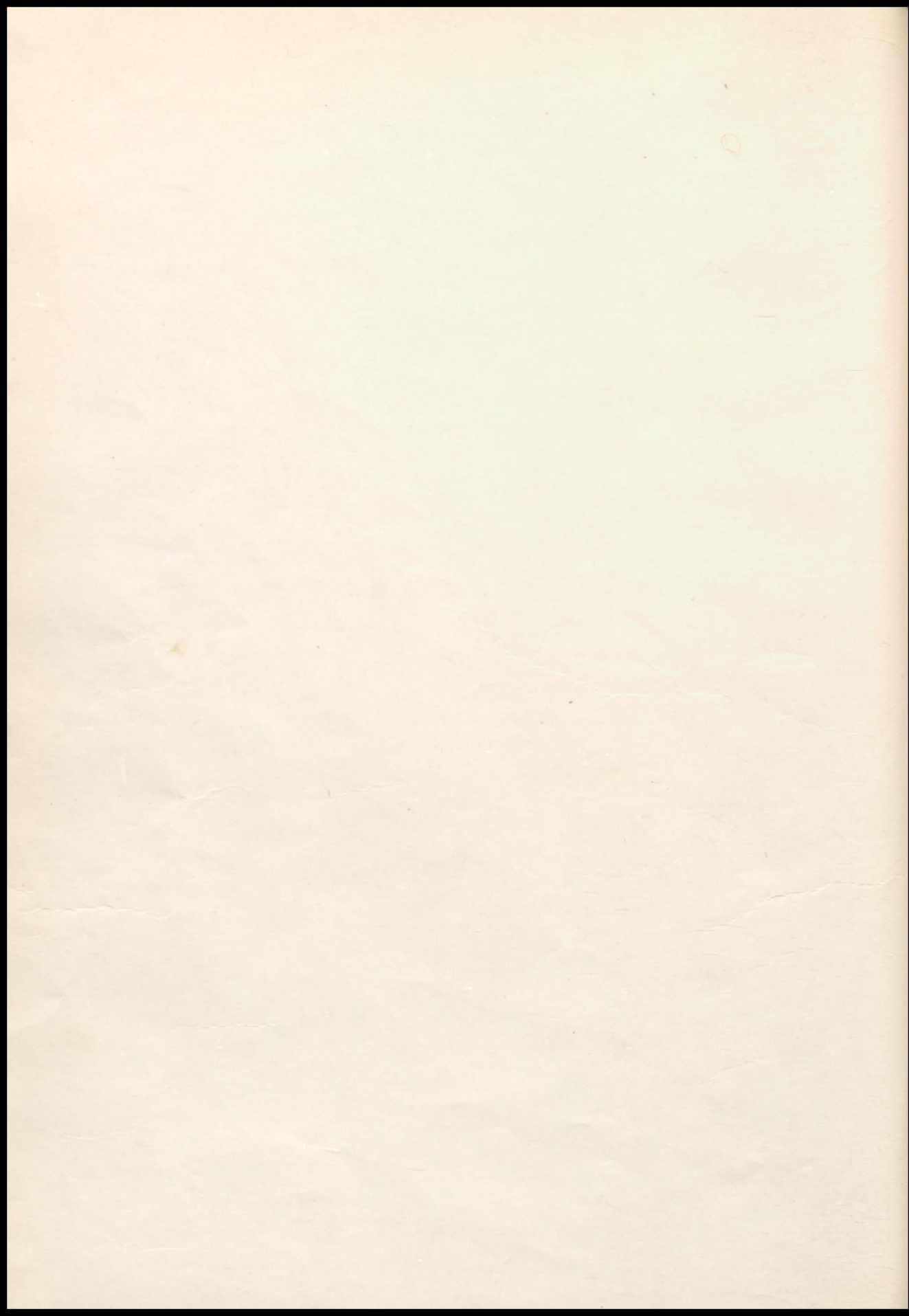
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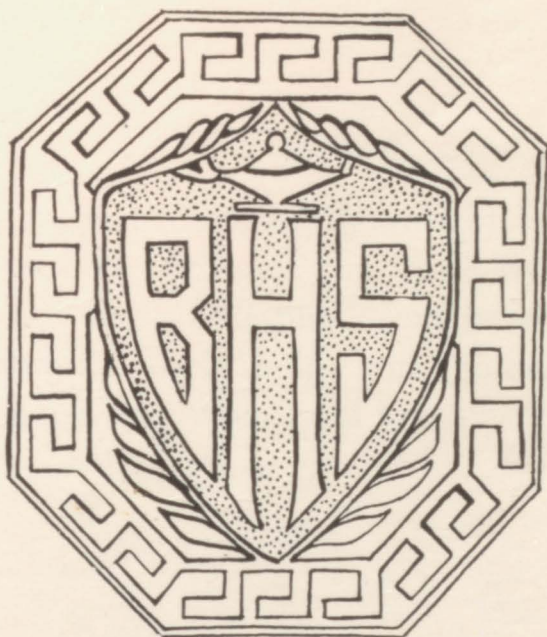
January
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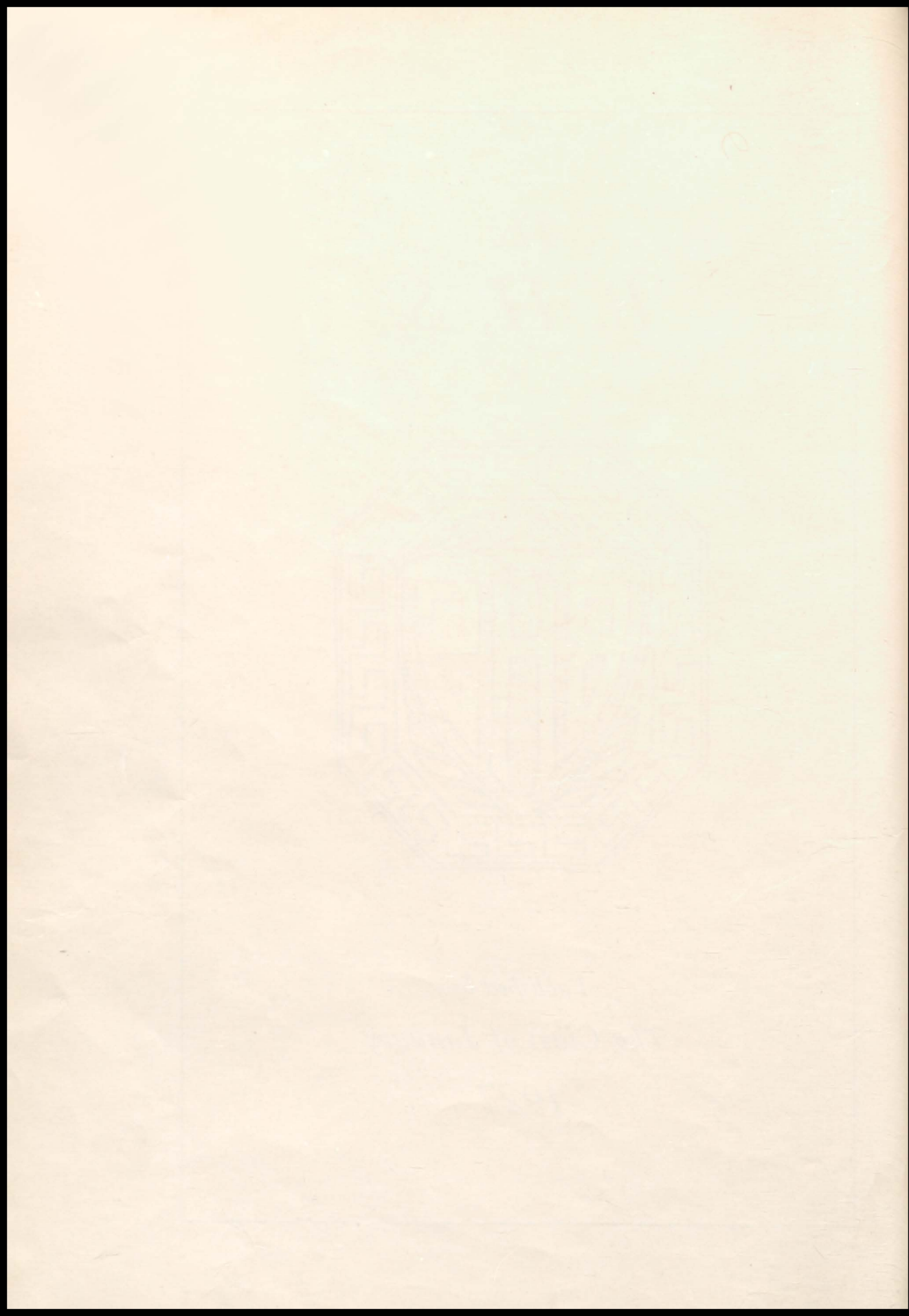




The
B. H. S.



Published by
The Class of January
1927



Dedication

To the Faculty of Bloomfield High School we dedicate this little record of our work and play, remembering gratefully their help and guidance through four wonderful years.



Bloomfield High School Faculty

George L. Morris	Superintendent
Edgar S. Stover	Principal
Fred L. Andrus	Mathematics
Lorena Babbitt	Art
Vivian B. Cady	Shop
Alpheus Dixi Crosby	English and Elocution
Jesse M. DeHart	Biology
Fern Dickerson	Science
Ina F. Doyle	English
James L. Fitzgerald	Commercial
William L. Foley	Athletic and Commercial Instructor
Maude C. Gay	Latin
Josephine Gorham	History
James P. Haupin	Mathematics
Angeline C. Heartz	French
Laura Herrick	French
Henry T. Hollingsworth	Science and Civics
Helen D. Hough	English
Max Klein	Civics and Geography
Albert Koehler	Shop Director
Harry Koehler	Mathematics
Ralph W. Kunkle	History
Edson J. Lawrence	Latin
James E. Morrow	Mathematics
Anne Miller	Office Secretary
Ruth Palmer	Art Director
Cecil Ross	Civics and History and P. D.
Eva Roszel	Secretary to Mr. Stover
Edith C. Russell	Athletic Instructor
Vera B. Safford	Spanish
Jerome C. Salsbury	History
Agnes Saul	English
Clara Schauffler	Domestic Science
Elsa D. Schubert	Mathematics
S. Ruth Seigle	Commercial
Orton R. Smiley	Science
S. Frederick Smith	Director of Music
Anne M. Smith	English
Olive M. Terhune	Mathematics
Anna P. Thomas	Art Director
Harry T. Thorpe	Commercial
O. J. Walrath	Science
Marjorie S. Watts	English
Katherine Williams	Library and English



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Lewis Hutchings	Art Editor

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Helen Speiden
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Josephine Donnerwicz
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Marguerite Fenstermacher
Caroline Hopper
Ethel Hower
May Griffin
Dorothy Parizot
Margaret Persson
Marie Riordan
Mildred Schreiber
Bertha Silverman
Christine Singman
Catherine Smith
Mildred Spatz
Helen Speiden
Gerta H. Tasgal
Helen Toennies

Harriet Whitmore



FRANK HOWER

"Frank"

"Music hath charms——"



Girls, gaze in the starry orbs of the above Apollo, and if you're not at once inspired to write a book called "Ladies do not prefer blonds," we'll push a nickel around the block with our nose!

Frank deigns to come to school once in a while, and on such occasions he does his share to brighten life with a brilliant "line" that is absolutely puncture-proof.

The class liked Frank well enough to make him president for four years, and Frank liked the class well enough to "put over the play" by impersonating Ira Brandon.

Doubtless you have heard him coax the melodies of Gershwin, Romberg, and Berlin from the pianoforte, and have found his rendition irresistible. Yea verily—we have a second Padrewski among us—jazzily speaking!



DONALD LEITH

"Don"



Step up and meet the proverbial Scotchman with his money bags. We pride ourselves on the diplomacy used by the class in picking someone with a natural leaning toward money for our class treasurer. Don helps his heritage by favoring us with an irresistible smile when he approaches with itching palms, and few among us are brave enough to refuse to pay our dues.

One can always depend on Donald to know the latest thing in Scotch jokes; and his endless string of wise cracks bids fair to furnish Will Rogers with a formidable rival.

Donald was charming as Philippa, don't you think? We expect to hear some day of his joining the Ziegfeld chorus as one of Flo's "Glorified American Girls." But—one word of advice, Donald: It might be well to learn how to dance something beside the vesuvienna first. It will make the job much easier.



ERNEST BARKER

"Bik"

"Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought."



And this, ladies and gentlemen, is our Editor. Ernest wasn't elected to the position by the class (who, after all, are unquestionably poor judges of genius), but was selected by the faculty because of his exceeding cleverness. Could one ask for greater tribute?

His versatility is truly remarkable. He's a math wiz, holds the unusual distinction of being the school orator (having gained second place in a state-wide oratory contest), plays the piano well, and is mentally equipped for engineering, with which he will be occupied until he goes to West Point in 1928, and which he will probably follow as a profession when he is graduated from the academy. Success!



JOHN BALLAMY

"Johnny"

"The apparel oft proclaims the man."



Recent reports have it that John is seen quite frequently in a certain nearby town that lives on the smoke of the Lackawanna Railroad. Can it be that the boy is deserting his home town for the lure of beguiling feminine smiles? Johnny, how can you? The only thing that keeps him home nights is the responsibility put upon him by the great tea company which employs him. We ought to find a more effective way to keep the sheep from straying from the fold.

John has a passion for checkered lumberjackets, and he indulges his attraction for them to such an extent that to imagine Johnny without one would be to imagine Macbeth without ambition, or the Smith Brothers without their whiskers.

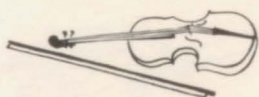
Jesting aside, you're all right, Johnny. We like you.



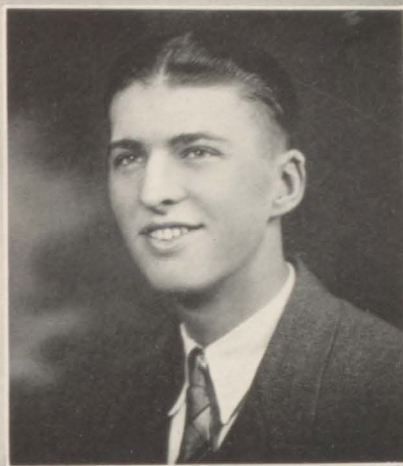
ELSA BAYER

"Elsa"

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."



If you are foolish, dear reader, and allow your feelings to be very easily hurt, please watch out when you're around Elsa. But, if on the other hand, you are one of those very modern, sensible persons, whose feelings are never hurt, you will find Elsa a very good friend. She is amazingly frank and will tell you, whether you ask her or not, if your hair needs combing or your tie needs straightening, or if there is anything else about you that needs remedying. Anyway, Elsa has done her bit to keep the inmates of 105 from being conceited. Thanks, Elsa.



DONALD BERGES

"Bimp"

"The cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards."



Read the above caption, and then view the young giant who inspired it, and tell us—can you think of anything but strength when you see him?

And cheerful! Not only have we never seen him other than cheerful, but we've never seen anyone able to maintain anything but a cheerful mood in his presence. We confess to stiff sides as well as stiff necks after watching "Bimp" go through the various antics with which he rendered artful imitations of a parson, a dope fiend, a drunkard, or a freak of nature at play practice.

We know Stevens will be glad to get you, Donald, and we're sure you'll go a long way in your chosen work. You go so long in everything else!



WANDA CIESLINSKI

"Helge"

"— an even calm,
Perpetual reign'd."
"Ay do good day's work, yes?"



Yas, Wanda. You always do. Wanda made an excellent and adorable Swedish maid in "Philippa Gets There." She seems to have a natural talent for speaking with a Scandinavian accent, and she does it most realistically.

Wanda loves children and cats and dogs. She's going to teach school, and indubitably one needs to love those things and to possess a great deal of forbearance to aspire to such a career. She is clever, too, which is always a big help.

Wanda is quiet, always helpful, and is never intrusive. She says very little, but what she does say is always sensible and kind. We all like to have you about, Wanda. There are too few in the world like you.



ELEANOR COWIE

"El"

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well; acts nobly—angels could do no more."



El joined our class two years ago, and she still joins us every now and then when she feels disposed to come to school. But, if frequent absences cause marks to diminish alarmingly in size, we're glad El doesn't come every day. The faculty would have to devise a new system of marks above 100% in that event! When one of Eleanor's marks is below 90% we know that the teacher of that subject has either made a dire error or has suddenly gone mad.

El is going to college, and is undecided what she is going to do after that. (Truly, it must be dreadful to be so clever in all things that one doesn't know which to follow). Whatever she does do, we know will be done well, and she is sure to be appreciated.



MARY DEMETER

"Mary"

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"



Hey! Hey! Charleston! Charleston! Mary simply adores dancing to the exclusion of all other amusements, and she does it well, as witness her performance of a mixture of the Charleston and Black Bottom in the play. Mary, as Chrissie, gushed beautifully and played the part of a love-sick swainess (pardon our coining a word. We cannot find an adequate word in the recognized King's English) to perfection.

Mary could have been graduated with the last class, having taken the necessary four years of English and possessing the required eighty counts, but she preferred to be graduated with us. She expects to end up by teaching—eventually (not saying where or what she's going to teach! We suggest a school of flirting). Why not now?



JOSEPHINE DONNERWICZ

"Jo"

"Her smile was prodigal of summery shine."



Jo's sunny smile has done much to warm and brighten the atmosphere of 105. Of course 105 has a southern exposure—whatever that is—and we all try to do our bit, but then—!

Josephine is another of our commercial students and we're still trying to figure out whether she works hard or whether she kids the people (meaning the faculty) into believing she works hard. She has the kind of marks that would lead one to believe it must be one or the other. Go to it, Jo, we wish you could. Anyway, many's the time we've seen a certain manly figure walking toward Jo's desk early in the morning with a puzzled expression on his face and a shorthand book in his hand. Of course we can't imagine what it means but we're good at guessing.



MARGUERITE FENSTERMACHER

"Gretchen"

"He that riseth late must trot all day."



MAY GRIFFIN

"May"

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."



When the ringing of the morning bell and Marguerite's breathless arrival do not occur simultaneously, we are aware of being in the presence of a strange and awesome phenomenon. We think Marguerite waits until the sun is well up before she rises because she doesn't like to steal any of old Sol's glory by outshining him. (We guarantee that one dose of Marguerite will cure the worst case of blues). Or maybe being a firm Union rooter has something to do with the strict adherence to regular hours.

One of the times we wished we could start school over again was the day we learned Marguerite was going to be a teacher (unless Union laws forbid—). We envy the kids you're going to teach, Marguerite.



When we were very young—ahem! Well anyway they used to tell us that if we ate all our crusts our hair would curl and, as yet, we haven't been able to find out if that's what May did or not, but she certainly has a perfect marcel and the best part of it is that it is a beautiful copper color, in other words, red. And what do you think? We never have seen any evidences of that dreadful curse that goes with red hair—a fiery temper. In fact, whenever we have seen May around school she has always had an angelic smile on her face. Good girl, May. Keep it up.



HENRY HAMBACHER

"Hamie"

"I'll put a girdle 'round about the earth in forty minutes."



A few years ago, Henry went to Europe and toured in Germany and France. When bridges are built from this continent to that, Henry will go to the other side on his bicycle. He belongs to the Bay View Wheelmen and is quite expert at the art of cycling. He never misses the six-day races and he can give you information on almost any rider. He is interested in engineering and most likely intends to make himself personally responsible for the erection of those bridges which will enable him to go abroad.

In passing, we might mention that Hamie has never, in all his school career, taken a final exam. He also makes it his business to be in school every morning at 7.30. Our hats are off to him.



CAROLINE HOPPER

"Hetta"

"Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep."



Gaze a while into the velvety depths of Carol's eyes and then, if you can, come down to earth and take a guess as to what Carol does best. Dream? Yes we knew you would say that but you are greatly mistaken, for she is one of the star athletes of our class and, if one can depend on what one hears, she loves to swim. Carol also does a great deal toward the success of the boys' teams, for we never have been at a game when Carol wasn't there cheering her hardest.

We all owe much to Carol, for she is doing a great deal to uphold the younger generation. How? Ah—Carol is very fond of all the household arts.



ETHEL HOWER

"Hetch"

"Eyes that shame the violet."



We have before us the heroine of the Senior Play, and Cupid's right-hand helper in an attractive combination. Ethel is going to use her deft fingers to mold feminine faces into inviting contours and dress woman's crowning glory in soft, shimmering coiffeurs when she is graduated. Surely Cupid could ask no greater help! We are certain, if it really pays to advertise, that Ethel will be successful, since she can use her eyes for a self-advertisement.

While speaking of helping—anyone can count on Ethel to help whenever she can. She's an active member of the Spanish and Commercial clubs, and she rendered invaluable service to our school bank.

Since all work and no play is bad for the complexion, Ethel blossoms out into ye social butterfly each summer at Lewisburg, Pa.

The eyes have it!



LEWIS HUTCHINGS

"Looney"

"Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes."



The class of January, 1927, can swell its chest with pride for having Lew as one of its members. Lew, without anyone's having indicated a desire for him to do so, rose before dawn Thanksgiving Day, 1925, and cleared the athletic field of snow in order that Bloomfield and Montclair might fight their annual football battle unhampered by the elements. During an assembly period Coach Foley presented a special token of appreciation, in the form of a star on the sleeve of a sweater to Lew, who virtually shone with embarrassment and modesty. No one has ever before merited such an award. Among other things he did for the class, Lew was one of the art editors of this book, and was property man for, and played the part of Castor, in the play.

N. B. Lew took five years of math and got 96 in Trig. Three cheers for "Looney."



DOUGLAS KELLY

"Shrimp"

"A hit, a very palpable hit."
"Rip! Zip! Wha! Who! We're—"



Oh! We beg your pardon, but one always feels like cheering when Doug is around. He's half of our cheer-leading team, as you know, and generously risks his voice for the glory of the school. Kelly is the other "Big Shot" of the school (see June 1926 annual for person referred to as "one of the Big Shots of the school.")

A few summers ago Doug and three other young violin virtuosos toured the South; and now he tours Bloomfield with his Willys-Knight (comes all the way from Montclair to do it too) performing errands for various B. H. S. students.

Doug was business manager of the play, for which he deserves a standing vote of thanks. When he leaves us he's going to Dartmouth to put Bloomfield on the map as a "Big Shot" town.



ALBERT KOCH

"Al"

"Forever haltless hurries Time, the
Durable to gain."



Old man Ingersoll has nothing on this fellow. He isn't even confined by a system. He can skip about delightfully to please each flight of fancy. All joking aside (well, most of it anyway), Al has a wonderful hand-less watch that he used while managing the baseball team to respond to the coach's incessant demands for the time. Al blithely supplied the hour which seemed best fitted to the occasion.

He seems to be able to outwit Father Time at almost every turn. He holds a speed record in typewriting, and will probably put this to good use when he sets out to become a prosperous business man. He has already utilized it by helping to typewrite this book, was business manager of the book also.



WILLIAM KOCH

"Bill"

"When all else fails, love saves."



And here's the other one. Or is it the same one? It's hard to tell, so you can please yourself about it. However, we advise you never to have a secret with either one of them; you might discuss it by mistake with the other one. Bill and Al are good friends—sometimes. But after all, it's not quite ethical to love yourself, and for Bill and Al to love each other would be little more excusable.

Bill helped his brother type the material for this book, and is one of the associate editors. He's quiet (in school), likes to play ball, and (we're quoting from rumor) is quite popular with a certain young woman who visits him at school occasionally. You'd better watch your step, Bill. We girls are so designing—and it would be a shame to break the set.



GEORGE MISSBACH

"Mizzo"

"Kindness Is Wisdom."



Mizzo's code of living is epitomized in "Do a good turn daily;" and we give you three chances to guess what organization, of which he is a very model member, exerted its influence upon him to adopt the code. George was given the opportunity to live up to his creed by filling the precarious position of stage manager of the play, and also by taking the part of Pollux and allowing the muscular Philippa to knock him out a few times a day.

Immediately following his graduation, George is going to Maine to help survey that State's famous woods; and in September he expects to go to Rutgers to study engineering. We hope the world treats you as kindly as you treat it, George. You deserve it.



EDGAR MITCHELL

"Mitch"

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."



It is indeed refreshing to come upon a male so modest that he blushes furiously at the slightest provocation. Mitch is an ardent devotee of the violin, and not long ago made a tour in the South as one of a quartet of youthful violinists from Bloomfield, of which Doug Kelly was a member. Fritz Kreisler had better guard his laurels!

Mitch, as one of the assistant stage managers was a "thundering" success in "Philippa Gets There." In fact, he's quite given to thundering if one may judge by his impressive manner of reading poetry, which probably earns for him his elevated English mark. Don't blush, Mitch!



JOHN O'GARA

"Red"

"Appetite comes with eating."



Red (and of course you must derive from the diminutive that O'Gara, too, has a glorious copper auriol), loves to eat, thus making himself different from most of us who eat to live. One would expect Red to be corpulent as a result of his ravenous appetite, and he doubtless would be if he didn't expend so much energy in procuring laurels for his athletic feats on the baseball and basketball teams.

Red travels to East Orange every day to work in a vulcanizing company to help perfect tires that get you there sooner. We can blame that on his appetite, too. He will probably continue this beneficent labor when he is graduated.



DOROTHY PARIZOT

"Dot"

"She would help others."



And here, gentle readers, is the prompter of the senior play, which is probably one of the many reasons why the play was so successful. Dot certainly was a big help to Mr. Crosby and the cast. But then, we've come to the conclusion that she must be a big help (?) to all the teachers, for whenever we have seen her around school she has been talking. Of course we don't know what it's all about, but it must be something very important. Anyway she always seems to be happy and that's saying a lot for poor creatures as over-worked as we. Success, Dot.



MARGARET PERSSON

"Peg"

"Thepherd! Tell thith youth what it ith to love!"



Well if it isn't lithping Lola! Margaret afforded the Senior play cast so many laughs that she earned the title of "the little funmaker"—and rightly so! It is your own to keep always, Maggie. Take good care of it!

Margaret is quiet, unobtrusive, and able to take teasing—thus possessing three very admirable qualities. We tested the durability of the last at play practice and found it 99 44/100% pure.

Maggie is going to favor some business man with her presence in his office, and if she keeps the talisman her beloved Lionel gave her (yes, we are referring to the cigar) we're sure it will bring her luck and make her an asset to her employer.

Go to it, Phoebe!



MARIE RIORDAN

"Marie"

"Come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe."



Marie is one of our very recent acquisitions and we have to admit that she showed very good taste in leaving Harrison High School for the famous halls of B. H. S. (We don't mind patting ourselves on the back, do we?) But, we have one criticism to make and that is that she didn't take the fatal step a trifle sooner for then we might have known her a little better. You see, she has been with us only since the first of this term. However, we'll forgive you this time, Marie.

According to rumors, Marie loves to dance and skate and does both extremely well. And here's a secret—ssh! She is very fond of the company of certain young men about town. Success, Marie—but these college chaps!



JOHN SAUER

"Johnnie"

"He'd undertake to prove, by force Of argument, a man's no horse."



John loves an argument. He just thrives on debating, especially in P. D. He allows nothing to go unproved, and contends each point of dispute with admirable valor until even Mr. Ross almost believes him. We don't know what Johnny is going to be when B. H. S. loses him but we would suggest that he try law or the ministry, for in either case he would have a good chance to exercise his fertile mind. Wow!

And along with Johnny's other accomplishments we think he must play the violin for we've heard sweet strains of music escaping from his house. Anyway, Johnny, many thanks for the invaluable service and able assistance which you rendered to the school in the absence of the janitor.



MILDRED SCHREIBER

"Mildred"

"Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."



Mildred is the one who upholds the dignity of our Senior Class. Her unshakable poise and "air demoiselle" are the envy of one-half our class and the admiration of the other. This quality and her very attractive appearance won for her a coveted role in our play. As an actress she was so finished and so convincing that she was mistaken for a professional. One might say Mildred had found her profession were it not for the fact that she possesses several other talents. Her literary gifts are exceptional (she produced almost all of these write-ups, no easy job, if you ask us). She does scrupulously careful work and we should predict a successful career as a writer; but—there is her talent for drawing! We give it up, Mildred. If we could do as many things as you can we wouldn't know which way to turn. Good luck to you, Mildred.

BERTHA SILVERMAN

"Berdie"

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains."



Rarely do we come in contact with one as sweetly innocent looking as Berdie. Her curly hair forms a halo around a remarkably guileless physiognomy. One can tell by looking at her that Berdie never had a mean or revengeful thought. She is so very quiet and retiring that we confess we do not know what she enjoys doing or what she is going to do when she is graduated from the alma mater. We do know one thing, however, and that is: she likes to write poetry and quite often produces evidence of it (see the local rag). Perhaps she is going to be a poetess. Please do, Berdie. Then this write-up will be authentic, if nothing else.



CHRISTINE SINGMAN

"Tina"

"The stage I chose—a subject fair
and free—
'Tis yours—'Tis mine—'Tis public
property."



This young woman has the distinction of having been president of the Commercial Club for three successive terms, and, as is evidenced by that, filled the position splendidly and has been well liked by the members of the club.

Christine has always been interested in dramatics and has often favored the school, in whole or in part, with charming monologues and readings. She intends to go to a school of drama when she leaves us, which, we are sure, the commercial teachers will lament. Christine, if we may use her accomplishments in school for reference, would make an ideal business woman. Perhaps she can combine the two and strike a happy medium. We hope so. It would be a pity to let either aptitude go to waste.



CATHERINE SMITH

"Kitty"

"Ay, but give me worship and quietness, I like it better than a dangerous honor."



Let us introduce you to one of those rare specimens of feminine individuality—a quiet girl. Kitty is so quiet—we're speaking of school of course—judge for yourself outside—anyway, as we were saying, Kitty is so quiet that we don't know what to say about her except that she has very pretty curly hair and a nice smile which is almost always in evidence. Does that mean that you're always happy, Kitty? We hope so.

Catherine is a commercial student and, as far as we know, is going to keep some man out of a difficult situation by being his secretary.



MILDRED SPATZ

"Millie"

"Candor is the seal of a noble mind."



In these days of wise-cracks and "lines" very few people trouble to be absolutely honest—but here's one who is so very frank she finds it no trouble at all. It comes naturally to her. Mildred never beats about the bush. She'd rather tell you what she thinks of you than keep her opinions to herself and thus overburden her mind with a lot of unnecessary, meaningless trash. That probably accounts for the roominess of her brain. She knows Virgil upside down and wrong side forward, and gets excellent marks in all her other subjects. Milly elocutes like Mark Anthony and can speak in many dialects. She is interested in church affairs, and is already a Sunday school teacher.



HELEN SPEIDEN

"Helen"

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."



Helen drives a car and acts as general errand girl and chauffeur, and takes it upon herself to see that many of the seniors get to school on time.

She is already very much in demand. The United States government was so anxious to get her that it hastened to secure her promise to work in the War Department a month before commencement. It was a case of "first come—first served," but not for all time. Helen intends to go to Mountainside Hospital to train for nursing, and will probably give her patients a few tips on how to exercise and keep healthy, since she is interested in anything in the way of athletics.



GERTA TASGAL

"Gerty"

"Eloquence shall throne thee with archangels."



Gerta is a very small girl—our smallest, in fact—but that doesn't make her inconspicuous. We can always depend on Gerta to make an astounding remark in class that falls like a bomb on the peaceful, lethargic atmosphere; and everyone realizes all of a sudden that he knows something (or thinks he does), and is highly impatient to let everyone else hear of it. (Extraordinary, what!)

Gerta draws very well, and likes to do it, but merely for a hobby. She turns to music—to be specific, the piano—for her work, and from what we've heard, we venture an opinion that she'll be very successful and famous some day.



KENNETH TIDABACK

"Tidy"

"Love better is than fame."



It takes a man like Tidaback to disprove a theory that has always been quietly accepted, to-wit: like things repel. A blond himself, it was quite apparent, not long ago, that Tidaback had fallen—for another blonde. So apparent, in fact, that it inspired a group of Seniors to congregate at the windows of 105 and shout lustily to the loving pair who were seen in the distance.

Although Tidaback is a decided acquisition to the basketball team, it's quite dangerous to have him on it, since the team is liable to be suspected of foul play; he could just stand on his toes and drop the ball into the basket. He also is a star baseball player, and is, on the whole, the class athlete.



HELEN TOENNIES

"Tommy"

"Youth, all possibilities are in its hands."



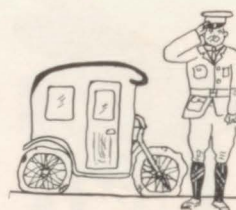
Didn't Helen make a lovable little minx of a tomboy as "Isabel" in the play? (We're trying to be brave and plunge right into the story. There is so much to say about Helen, a graceful start is impossible). Helen is one of the cleverest, most interesting persons in the class. We've yet to discover something she doesn't know or something she isn't accomplished in. We defy you to find a stumbling block for her (and that's not excepting Latin, either!). Helen refuses to let us know what she's going to do when she leaves high school, but, if we may give a private opinion, we think art is going to claim her. Needless to say, Helen is popular with everyone. Everyone can find something about her to like. In other words, Helen is 100%—peach!



WILFRED VAN GIESON

"Wolf"

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."



Wolf is a privileged character around school—by self-appointment. He takes it upon himself to disregard rules when those rules cause him inconvenience or discomfort. In all events, he gets away with it—and how! And—speaking of cigarettes, all "we doctors" smoke, which explains it. Wolf assists at the hospital very frequently, and helps on the outside by driving a physician about town.

We hesitate to speculate on how one A. D. Crosby will get along minus Wolf. Dix can't put anything over without him—especially the Senior plays. We pity the future Senior classes. They'll have to devise a new way to raise money. They couldn't possibly put over a play without Wolf.



CLIFFORD WEBER

"Tibby"

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."



Behold the blond sheik! We advise the doctors to employ Tibby to create business for them—he causes the palpitation of many feminine hearts as effectively as the Bible causes his heart to palpitate. Tibby tried to read the Bible one morning during the opening exercises and so absorbed and overcome with awe was he that he immediately began to quote the Psalms. We're sorry to say that the irreverent inmates of 105 failed to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion and laughed outright.

Cliff firmly believes that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and, judging from that, he likes us all so much that he seldom favors us with his presence.

Tibby added spice to "Philippa Gets There" by carrying off his part with the ease that comes from actually living it. Oh! fuh goo' nezz zake.



JACK WEINSEIMER

"Weinie"

"This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas."



We know you need no introduction to the owner of the above physiognomy. If you don't know him as the effervescent French count of our play, you know him as the other half of our cheer-leading squad; and if you don't know him as either of those things, you know him as Jack Weinseimer—which is saying a great deal in two words.

Jack is one of the wittiest fellows in the class, and is without a doubt the bravest among them. He is not even repulsed by Miss Smith's austere glares, and succeeds in making English class most enjoyable. His ability to entertain isn't confined to a "line." Jack dances marvelously, sings well, and plays a uke like a professional. He's the life of any gathering, and always in demand.



HARRIET WHITMORE

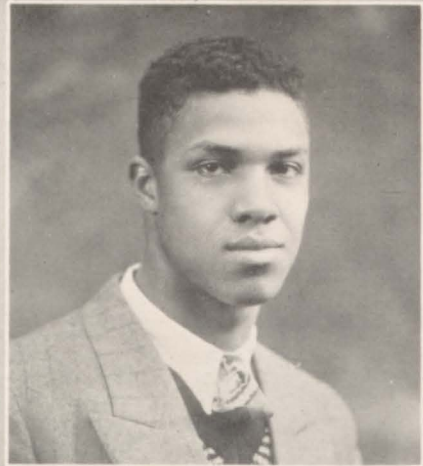
"Harriet"

"How far that little candle throws its beam!"



There is, perhaps, no other word in the language that fits Harriet better than "sweet." She is kind and obliging and always ready to proffer a helping hand. She's the sort of person that is always a comfort to have about. She is very clever, and she sings beautifully. In addition, she is modest—a very strange quality to have when one is endowed with so many other enviable ones.

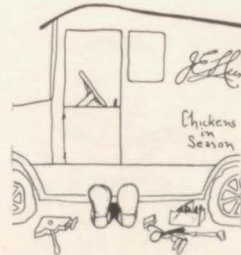
Harriet is going to a school of music to train her lovely voice in order to give the world at large the benefit of its beauty. You have our wishes for a happy, successful life, Harriet. You are well qualified to attain it.



THERON WILLIAMS

"Gitch"

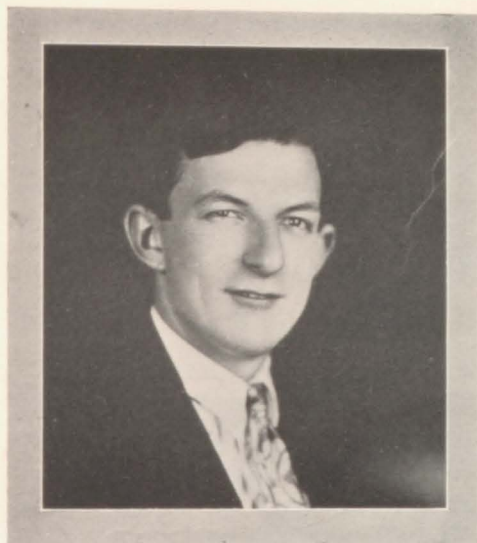
"He that is merry of heart hath a continual feast."



Step up and meet the sheik of Alabama'. Gitch is the pride of the South, and may always be distinguished by his "checkered suit, neatly pressed; derby hat and fancy vest; purple shirt, tie of red—everything for knockin' 'em dead!" He's a glutton for teasing and takes it better than any one else in thirty-six counties.

You ought to watch Gitch strut his dogs! And does he like to whistle and sing? Nothing else but! When he gets going he forgets to stop, and it takes a great deal to calm him.

With his ability to drive a delivery car and to do shorthand, he is already well qualified to go into business for himself. And will he get the customers? Well, we guess!



ERNEST ZEIM

"Zimmer"

"Blessings on Science!"



Stevens claims another wiz! Zimmer tackles math with the bravery of an experienced and competent mathematician, and is undaunted by the most complicated scientific theories, experiments and apparatus (Zimmer holds the record for the most breakage in the Chem Lab. Doubtless he is determined to conquer Darwin and Pasteur at the sacrifice of all material obstacles).

Barring the noise he creates by breaking the ill-fated test tubes and beakers, Ernest is rarely heard. He's one of those rare persons who do not give inconsequential thoughts a long run for value (probably because he has no such thoughts) and make themselves bores to others equally anxious to set their reflections afloat in the ether. More power to you, Ernest!

School Song

Come and sing, all ye Bloomfield girls and boys,
Come and give a rousing cheer!
Join our line as we march along so fine
With hearts that have no fear.
Forward then, 'neath the Grey and Red,
We will march in bold array.
So let everybody shout and sing,
For this is Old Bloomfield's day.

CHORUS:

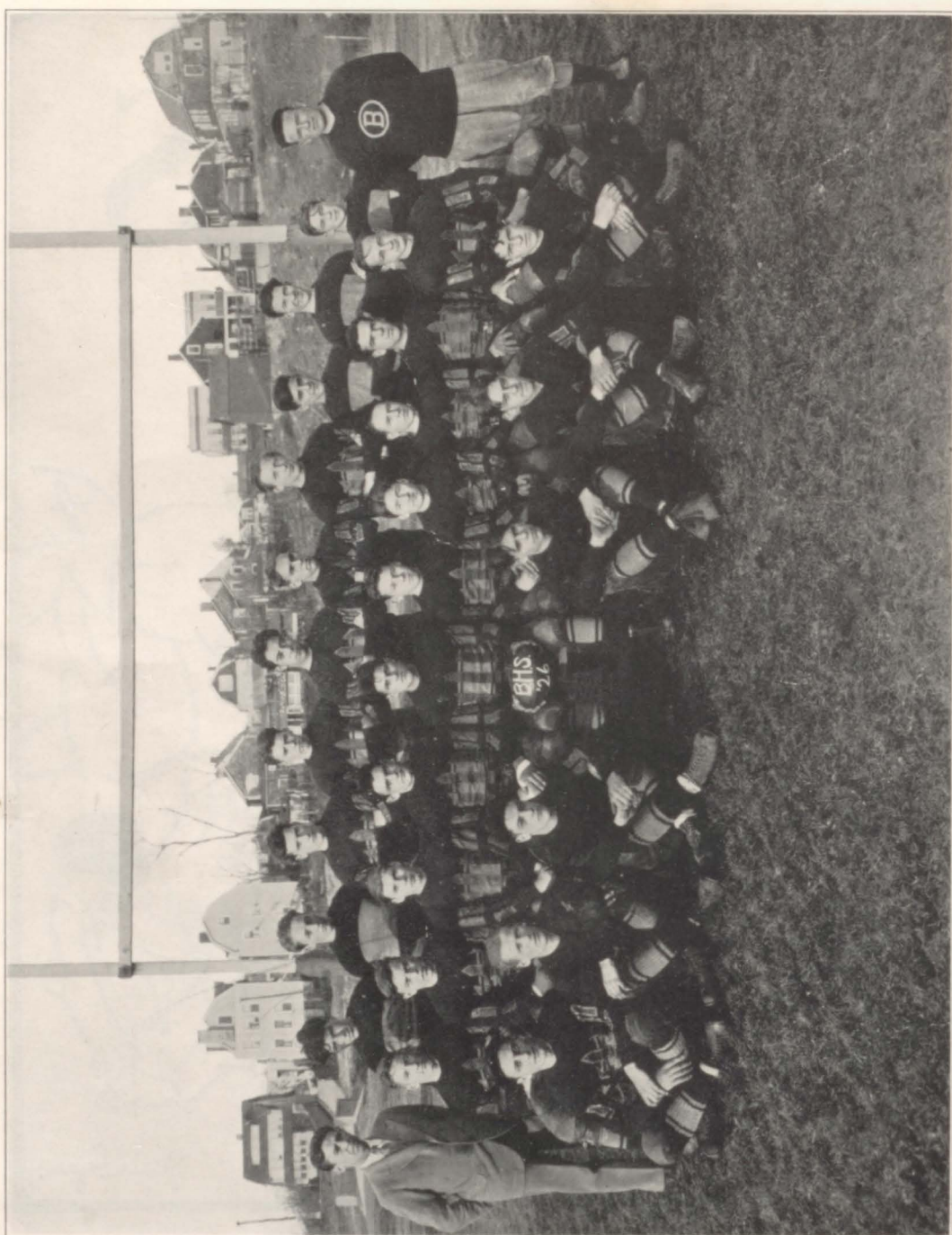
Cheer for Old Bloomfield! Bloomfield must win!
Fight to the finish! Never give in!
All play your best, boys: we'll do the rest, boys,
Fight for the victory!

True we stand to our Alma Mater grand,
Loyal children one and all,
Firm and leal, our hearts as true as steel
Faithful to her every call.
Long may it wave over all her children brave.
Her banner proud and gay.
So let cheer on cheer ring out on the air,
For this is Old Bloomfield's day.

Chorus:

SPORTS





Football

Coach	William L. Foley
Captain	Earl Hoagland
Manager	Edward L. Pierson
Assistant Manager	Lawrence Gordon
Assistant Manager	Charles Longfellow

Football was a successful undertaking in 1926. At the start of the season things looked anything but bright, yet by the time Coach Foley had given his green boys several weeks of work, all was rosy for the first contest. The boys played some good and some bad ball at intervals, but in all the games the outstanding work of Earl Hoagland and Andy Lobel, his teammate of a previous campaign, were the shining lights.

It was no set-up that faced the Red and Grey in its first contest. For three periods our boys led by the scant margin of 3 to 2. In the final the visitors scored a touchdown and romped away with the victory. Seton Hall was the team and the score was 8 to 3. Victories over Dover High, 27 to 3; South Side High, 40 to 0, and Passaic High, 13 to 7, followed in order. Riding on the crest of a wave of success, Dickinson High was able to put the skids under the Bloomfield team, which was outweighed at least thirty pounds per man, by the score of 6 to 0. Stuyvesant, for years the best New York City could produce, proved a push over. Bloomfield won this game 33 to 0. With the joys must come the sorrows. In the Stuyvesant fracas one of the big guns was put out of commission. Five days later, without the services of Andy Lobel, B. H. S. was for the first time since the origin of the Irvington-Bloomfield rivalry defeated in its Armistice Day contest. The score was 14 to 0. Central High of Paterson proved only a whetstone for Hoagland and Co. to sharpen their spurs upon. Although 14-0 was the final score, that was only part of the difference between the two machines.

With Montclair High on the road to success with a very good club and Bloomfield performing below standard in the important frays, the Thanksgiving Day battle had the earmarks of a draw affair. To over ten thousand fans who witnessed the struggle at Essex Field on Turkey Day it was quite all Bloomfield, in fact, 27 to 0. It was a pretty exhibition of football with Earl Hoagland and Andy Lobel, playing their last football game under Coach Foley, starring in all departments. When reviewing the contest it would be unfair not to mention the work of "Whitie" Ask, Montclair halfback, who proved a worthy opponent for Bloomfield's splendid array. After the game the Bloomfield rooters snake-danced their way from Montclair to Bloomfield.

At the Football Banquet, Alexander "Mac" Young, was elected captain for 1927. The following received their letters: Captain Earl Hoagland, Captain-elect Alexander Young, Andrew Lobel, Kent Cameron, Walter Miller, Richard Testut, Merwin Tuttle, Lawrence Smith, Richard Whitmore, George Young, John Thomas, Robert Massey, Robert Johnson, Lamar Hilton, Harold Phillips, George Flause, Francis See and Edward Pierson, manager '26.

SAM PIERSON, Feb. '25.



Baseball---1926

Coach.....William L. Foley
 Captain.....Langdon Mendles
 Manager.....Albert Koch
 Assistant Managers.....Lawrence Gordon and Lamar Hilton

RECORD OF THE 1926 SEASON:

Bloomfield High School	23	Belleville High School	4
" " "	3	Central of Paterson	4
" " "	4	East Side High School	3
" " "	1	Passaic High School	5
" " "	5	Union Hill High School	1
" " "	15	Belleville High School	7
" " "	7	Montclair High School	1
" " "	13	Glen Ridge High School	1
" " "	3	Lincoln High School	13
" " "	3	Nutley High School	2
" " "	5	Rutherford High School	4
" " "	3	Irvington High School	1
" " "	6	Central High School	5
" " "	5	Montclair High School	2

Representatives of Bloomfield High School on the diamond wound up the 1926 baseball season in a blaze of glory with the Red and Grey colors flying high and Captain Lang Mendles, mainstay hurler, leading the line. Right in back of Lang, and fighting hard during the entire period, were William Massey, Linn Hopkins, Andy Lobel, Kenneth Tidaback, Harold Perkins, Earl Hoagland, Joseph Drudy, Stanley Stankovich, and Edward Merhelsky.

But alas! The outlook for the 1927 squad and season is anything but bright. Without Brand, Massey, Tidaback and Mendles back in harness, present indications point toward a rough going next year. But still, every Bloomfield team, with Foley at the helm, is right there with the goods. Am I right?

As the spirit of the baseball season has died out, for the time being at least, I will not take the time to go over every detail of the past season, but I will, however, make mention of the Nutley-Bloomfield game at Park Oval, Nutley, on Thursday, May the 20th. This encounter is worth giving a second thought.

Before they ran up against such stiff opposition as the Bloomfield squad furnished, the Nutley nine was sitting pretty as the leading contenders for the State title of schoolboy championship. After taking such a defeat as 13 to 3 from the Lincoln High School of Jersey City, the Bloomfield game with Nutley, in Coach Stanford's estimation, meant nothing and Foley's boys were not conceded a ghost of a chance of topping the Nutley aggregation. Accordingly, Stanford placed Jim Ryan, relief hurler, in the box to work in place of Tommy Garrison, Nutley's ace on the mound. Ryan is good, but Garrison is better. In brief, Bloomfield took the measure of the Franklin Avenue School by a count of 3 to 2, by way of base hits by Brand, Massey, Drudy, and Mendles, coupled with free passes to Drudy and Lobel. Prior to this defeat, Stanford's diamonders had under their belt 11 consecutive wins. Other notable victories for the Red and Grey were the East Side, Union Hill, Montclair, Rutherford and Central games.

Lamar Hilton, 1927 baseball manager, is now working on his schedule.

ALBERT KOCH, Jan. '27.



Basketball---1926-27

Coach	William L. Foley
Captain	Earl Hoagland
Manager	Lawrence Gordon
Assistant Manager	Albert Koch

The passing of our two successful outdoor sports, baseball and football, into obscurity until a later date, will find the interest and attention of the entire school turned to our famous indoor sport, termed basketball.

Captain-elect Earl Hoagland will lead the combination on the floor during the current season and there is none more capable of handling this responsible position. Hoagland has several times proved his mettle in the capacity of captainship during the past football season, and if he turns out a duplicate record on the court, Bloomfield's standing at the close of the season will be more than an enviable one. Coach Bill Foley, of course, will coach the quintet, and with such experienced material on hand as Ken Tidaback, George Young, Linn Hopkins, Andy Lobel and Joe Drudy, in addition to Hoagland, Foley will probably encounter little difficulty in moulding together a first-class combination. The personnel of the outfit, with the exception of Lang Mendles, is made up with the exact same players who carried the colors for the school in the 1925-26 season, with slight changes in the line-up.

George Young will likely succeed Tidaback in the role of pivot man, as Ken will leave the school with the January, 1927, graduating class. Occasionally, however, he will be seen at his old position. Young is fully capable of holding down a center's job. In regard to the forward and guard duties: Captain Hoagland and young Drudy (commonly called "Soup") will undoubtedly be on the offensive. Hoagland and Drudy are great shots and play the game from the first whistle to the last. Drudy, by the way, has risen from the second to the first team. On the defensive, Andy Lobel and Linn Hopkins, will be depended upon to work to advantage. Lobel, the standing guard, needs no further introduction as far as basketball is concerned. Andy's work last year on the floor is sufficient proof as to the extent of his ability. Hopkins, filling for Mendles, will take care of the running. Other promising men on the squad are Stankovich, Carlucci, Johnson, Gillies and Matturi. Manager Lawrence Gordon has capably arranged a stiff schedule of 9 home encounters and 6 away games. The Montclair, Morristown, East Side and Glen Ridge games are the outstanding tussles on the list.

ALBERT KOCH, Jan. '27.

Clubs



Latin Club

Miss Gay.....	Honorary President
Helen Toennies.....	President
Margaret Sinclair.....	Vice-President
Mildred Spatz.....	Secretary
Gertrude Knipe.....	Treasurer

The meetings of the Latin Club have been unusually interesting thus far this term; both the Senior classes have entertained. The Senior A's told us something about the Sybil, and the Senior B's presented a pageant, entitled, "How Christmas Came To Us." The Junior A's gave an illustrated lecture on Ostia.

The Junior B's are now preparing something for our next meeting. Some of the boys will tell us about the coins which we procured from the University of Iowa to add to our Museum, which is growing rapidly.

We look forward to good times that are to come in the future and hope the Latin Club will keep on in the same successful path.

MILDRED SPATZ, Secretary.

Spanish Club

Honorary President.....	Miss Safford
President.....	Edward Van Duren
Vice President.....	Ethel Hower
Secretary.....	Christine Singman
Treasurer.....	Josephine Donnerwicz

The Spanish Club has had a very successful term.

The wonderful collection of Mexican souvenirs, which Miss Safford (our honorary president) brought back from her summer trip in Mexico, were viewed with much pleasure at the first regular meeting of the term. Mexican candy was also served.

The annual party of the club was held at the Community House during Thanksgiving week. The food and decorations were up to perfection. Mexican souvenirs were given to all who were present.

A number of the new members received pins during this term.

We are now planning our annual New York trip which is to come in February.

Chemistry Club

Honorary President.....	O. J. Walrath
President.....	Lewis Hutchings
Vice President.....	Alex Young
Secretary & Treasurer.....	Eleanor Richardson

The purpose of the Chemistry Club is to stimulate an interest in the study of Chemistry and to learn at first hand, some of its applications.

The Club at present has seventy-eight members and it is still growing. The organization has had many good times this term and we have had more than one successful trip. The first was a picnic to Cherry Lane in West Orange. Later in the term, we took a trip to the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, where we learned many interesting facts. On the same day we visited Castles Ice Cream Factory and I know every one had a good time, as samples were given out.

All in all, we can say that this has been one of the most successful years for the club.

Le Cercle Francais

Miss Heartz	Honorary President
Jack Weinseimer	President
Charlotte Salinger	Vice President
Genevieve Lawton	Treasurer
Elizabeth Wilcox	Secretary
Priscilla Linnett	Chairman of Refreshment Committee
Irene Forsythe	Chairman of Ways & Means Committee
Harriet Stout	Chairman of Entertainment Committee

Le Cercle Francais has held monthly meetings as usual this year. The Club is very busy around Christmas, as every lively organization is. We have charge of the Christmas program in Assembly, which we hope everyone will enjoy. As our next meeting in January will be the first meeting of a new year, we are going to try to make it the biggest and best the Club has ever had.

Every year Le Cercle Francais offers a prize to the student who has had the highest average in French for the three years. Vive Le Cercle Francais.

ELIZABETH WILCOX, Secretary.

Commercial Club

Mr. Fitzgerald	Honorary President
Christine Singman	President
Ethel Hower	Vice President
Mildred Fornoff	Secretary
Clifford Weber	Treasurer

The Commercial Club has had a very successful term. Very educational meetings were planned and carried out. At one of the meetings a demonstration was given of the Comptometer Machine, which proved to be very interesting. At other meetings articles were read in reference to the business world and commercial work. Social, as well as educational programs have been carried out.

A trip was made to New York to the Business Show. The annual trip to New York is held up until after the holidays. On this annual trip it is expected that the Federal Reserve Bank or some other place of interest will be visited. After this trip we expect to visit some nearby industrial plant.

One of the most successful Christmas parties ever held by the Club was given this year. Presents were given to all the members and a wonderful luncheon was served.

The Club has had a very successful term but we hope that the ensuing terms may be even more successful than this has been.

MILDRED FORNOFF, Secretary.

Math Club

Mr. Koehler	Advisor
Mr. Haupin	Advisor
George Missbach	President
Harry Weinhausen	Vice President
Ernest Barker	Secretary & Treasurer

The Math Club, one of the youngest clubs in the school, has enjoyed a successful season. Although small in numbers, the club has had some very interesting programs.

The purpose of the club is to interest all students who are taking Senior Math in the research work of mathematics. Many interesting topics, such as the slide rule, early history of mathematics, surveying and other problems which necessitate this subject, are discussed.

This term we have had the pleasure of welcoming a new member of the faculty, Mr. Morrow, into our midst.

Aside from the serious business, the club has at each meeting a mathematical recreational period. This has proved to be very interesting as are the "eats" with which each meeting is closed.

A great deal of the success of the club is due to our advisors, Mr. Koehler and Mr. Haupin, and the club appreciates their efforts in our behalf.

ERNEST BARKER, Secretary.

Sphinx Society

President	Francis See
Vice President	Florence Babbitt
Secretary	Doris Bartlett
Treasurer	Benjamin Burrill

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Chairman	Florence Babbitt
First Assistant	Jean Egan
Second Assistant	Alex Young

A new organization of the Bloomfield High School is the Sphinx Society. The purpose of this organization is to promote interest and scholarship in History. All pupils having passed one year of history and who have continued with the subject are eligible for membership.

During the past term many interesting meetings were held. On October 13th a program was given in the Assembly by the Society to honor Parker Gilbert, a graduate of the high school, and who has distinguished himself in the political world as Assistant Treasurer of the United States and as Agent-General of the Reparation Commission for the execution of the Dawes Plan in Europe.

At a recent meeting, the Society had as its guest the Rev. Mr. Wiers, Director of the Unity Forum. He gave a very interesting talk on The League of Nations.

Boys' Glee Club

President	Alexander Young
Vice-President	Benjamin Burrill
Secretary and Treasurer	Richard Testut
Librarian	Milton Scherr
Accompanist	Frank W. Hower
Leader	A. Dixi Crosby

The Boys' Glee Club now entering its second year is a real, live-wire unit among the school organizations. In addition to planning a Program for Commencement Night, the club is looking forward to the opportunity to broadcast from several prominent radio stations. Under the skillful coaching of Mr. Crosby and the efficient accompaniments of Frank Hower the club has made rapid progress. A gifted young tenor soloist, Werner Helstrom, whom Mr. Crosby is developing, has sung several times at school functions.

A quartet will be the next added feature to the Glee Club.

Bloomfield High School Savings Bank

OFFICERS

President	Frank Hower
Vice President	Irene Forsythe
Secretary	Helen Toennies
Treasurer & Cashier	Mildred Fornoff
Head Bookkeeper	Muriel Barnes
Supervisor	Mr. J. L. Fitzgerald

The High School Savings Bank celebrated its second birthday on October 14, 1926, and it is now in a flourishing condition. Many new depositors have been added since school opened in September.

The total deposits received from September to December, 1926, amounted to \$2,243.74.

The list of officers given above has held over from last time, since no election was held this Fall because of illness of the Supervisor. A new election will, however, take place at the beginning of the February term.

HELEN TOENNIES, Secretary.



DRAMATICS



“Philippa Gets There”

ALL-STAR CAST OUT-FARCES FARCE

Philippa sure got there both nights and the classic walls of Bloomfield's educational cloister were nearly rent asunder by the seismic shock to stone and steel from the emotional blow-outs of cast and audience on the memorable 17th and 18th of December, 1926.

Verily did the senior Thespians out-farce farce this year with a cast that was an all-star one. It was a riot of rollicking comedy. Puck, with solemn, mournful mien, would have sagged empty of mirth as a flat tire of air, could he have poked his fun-puckered proboscis into a scene of merriment such as he never provoked.

It was a play of tragic-comic contortions, evolving from the theme “the course of true love never did run smooth.” That dominant note was struck early, when an angry papa inadvertently discovered a smoke raised by the fume of sighs in his parlor converted for the nonce into an improvised Forest of Arden, with his quasi-flapper daughter, Dora, playing Rosalind to a ham-actor, Orlando.

Thus did the motif of parental ire, thwarting romance in the full flush of youthful spring, set the rising action agog and make it run rampant and rough-shod over some chassis-wrecking detours. But the course of true love never did run smooth before the days of good state roads or since. Always precarious indeed, it has not infrequently slipped here and there over roads too smooth. The tricky skid, the fatal ditch, the succinct epitaph, and sic rapid transit. But were not the lunatic, the lover and the poet of imagination all compact, how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable would be this workaday world, sans asylums, sans bowers, sans running brooks—sans everything!

The climax of tangent lips was simultaneous with the untimely entrance of Papa Ira Brandon, millionaire art collector, in the person of philandering Frank Hower, looking like an irate Daddy Browning, speechless and peachless. Peremptorily, he flung them into reverse with “Then unlove!”

It was none other than Ethel Hower and Donald Leith who were momentarily frustrated by the parental ire of Ira. Ethel, wet-eyed and Julietissime à la Jane Cowl in the puncture scene; and Donald, scintillating, magnificent and magniloquent as Philip, the Romeolive-oiled actor, who announced that he was the star (and not a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, little star of the Durant type!) to which the fair Ethel would hitch her car—willy-nilly, Papa!

“Leave at once!” roared excoriating papa, and Philip gracefully filiped and exited, leaving the adorable Dora to dissolve like a lithia tablet in her tears.

Anon entered an elongated stretch of the genus homo, one Endicott Byng, eccentric poseur, in the lithe spaghetтини form of Donald Berges, who methodically measured the scene as he opened section by section like a carpenter's rule. He was a connoisseur of the fine arts—painting in particular—and appraised egregiously a “real” Sargent, which Brandon had just acquired.

The scene was next infested by a fair art curator, Bernice Brownell, impersonated by Mildred Schreiber, lean, lissom, and shadowless, and straightway the heart of papa was infected with hectic passion, like winter ground in a spring thaw.

She nearly hooked papa (and her accomplice, Byng, the art treasures) and indeed would have, were it not for the timely advent of Penthesilea reincarnate in the Amazonian Philippa, who proceeded to get there in accordance with the title. As a heroine, Venus de Milo had nothing on Don Leith except less clothing to mask her unmaidenly frowardness. Indeed the turbulent, masculine virago in pajamas, portrayed by the gentle Don as Philippa, was as heroic as his Philip was heroic.

A very effervescent laugh-getter was the bleached sheik, Clifford Weber as Lionel, brother of Dora and typical carefree son of a millionaire. He was supported, nay almost suspended by the "cough-drop" sisters, Lola and Christine Smith, respectively impersonated by the medicated lozenges, Margaret Persson and Mary Demeter. Lola lithped so terwobbly and Chrissie Charlestoned with such egg-beater rapidity of motion, that Tibbie, frantic over their ravenous adoration of him, almost choked on two cigars he rammed into his mouth to still his heart and arrest his vocabulary. But the violent attack of the Smith sisters in final assault upon their mutual prey, has left all onlookers of the spectacle speculating as to the fate of poor Tibbie. Time alone will tell the tale!

A piquant ingredient in the plot stew came from a French culinary source in the appearance of the insidious Comte Armand de Choufleur, gallicised in tongue and gesture by the versatile Jack Weinseimer.

Seldom has an exhibition of acting on the amateur stage been seen to parallel that of Helen Toennies, whose portrayal of the irrepressible precocity of Ira Brandon's youngest daughter, Isabel, was most realistic. Ever a perverse little brat and always on hand to mess up a situation by putting her foot in, Helen never failed to get the audience with her impishness.

Then there was the blundering, square-headed Swede, Helge, made truly Scandinavian by the gifted, young Polish Modjeska, Wanda Cieslinski, whose metamorphosis to the central office detective was nearly paralyzing.

To complete the array of planets and their satellites in the starry make-up of the cast there was the Constellation of Gemini with its Castor and Pollux cleverly portrayed by the Pompeian Cream Twins, Lewis Hutchings and George Missbach.

A. D. Crosby coached the play and he was assisted by Douglas Kelly, Business Manager, with Eva Roszel as Assistant Business Manager, George Missbach as Stage Manager, with Henry Hambacker, Edgar Mitchell, and Alex Young to aid him; Lewis Hutchings as Property man and Charles Scheiber and Wilfred Van Gieson as electricians and creators of stage effects.

"Philippa Gets There" is the first senior play to start on the road after closing its local engagement. It opened for a one-night stand in Overbrook, Monday, December 27th, and was most enthusiastically received by the less violent patients, who showed an abundance of patience.

Coach Crosby played the role of the Comte Armand de Choufleur in the Overbrook performance, replacing Jack Weinseimer, who had been injured in an auto collision. The laughter he evoked from the audience has led him to believe (with not a little worry) that he must have a great deal in common with the highly imaginative society residing at Overbrook!

"Philippa Gets There" will surely rank among the best-remembered senior plays in the annals of High School Dramatics, for it was a lively, good comedy with the best all-around cast that has yet been seen on the well-trod stage of Bloomfield High.



Horoscope

GIRL

Helen Toennies
Mildred Schreiber
Wanda Cieslinski
Helen Toennies
Christine Singman
Gerta Tasgal
Helen Speiden
Ethel Hower
Mildred Schreiber
Helen Toennies
Mary Demeter
Caroline Hopper
Helen Speiden
Marguerite Fenstermacher

Mildred Schreiber
Mildred Schreiber
Gerta Tasgal
Marguerite Fenstermacher
Helen Toennies
Helen Toennies
Helen Toennies
Helen Toennies
Margaret Persson
Mildred Schreiber
Caroline Hopper
Helen Toennies
Margaret Persson
Mildred Schreiber
Mary Demeter
Mildred Schreiber
Mildred Schreiber

MOST POPULAR
BEST LOOKING
BEST NATURED
WITTIEST
BIGGEST BLUFF
NOISIEST
QUIETEST
IN TROUBLE MOST
MOST STUDIOUS
MOST ORIGINAL
BEST DANCER
BEST ATHLETE
MOST GENEROUS
HAPPIEST
GIRL HATER
BOY HATER
BEST HAIR COMB
BIGGEST TALKER
BEST SPORT
CLEVEREST
CLASS BABY
BEST CLASS WORKER
BEST ALL ROUND
HUNGRIEST
CLASS ORATOR
MOST CARE-FREE
BEST MIXER
MOST INNOCENT
HIGH HAT
BIGGEST FLIRT
BEST DRESSED
MOST RESPECTED

BOY

Frank Hower
Clifford Weber
Lewis Hutchings
Jack Weinseimer
Jack Weinseimer
Donald Berges
Ernest Zeim
Clifford Weber
Henry Hambacher
Lewis Hutchings
Frank Hower
Kenneth Tidaback
Lewis Hutchings
Lewis Hutchings
Ernest Zeim

Clifford Weber
Donald Berges
Lewis Hutchings
Ernest Barker
Jack Weinseimer
Ernest Barker
Frank Hower
Donald Berges
Ernest Barker
Clifford Weber
Frank Hower
George Missbach
Douglas Kelly
Jack Weinseimer
Frank Hower
Ernest Barker

Us Seniors

We are the B. H. S. seniors—old at the game by now,
How we got there no one knows how.
Some think we do our lessons—now you know we do,
That's how we got here, bluffing our way through.

Four years have passed since first we gained admission,
Within the walls of wholesome competition.
Study periods, assembly periods, are all alike to us,
That's why we park in the back seats, minus all the fuss.

And now, after leading in cleverness, jollity, and pep,
We lease it to the B's to show the "unders" how to step.
To set the tone for the front row kids,
Ah we receive the school's memory bids.

Class Prophecy

Fifteen years have passed since my graduation from Bloomfield High School back in 1927. In the capacity of foreign representative of a large New York concern, I had become acquainted with many different countries and the inhabitants of each. However, I was completely out of touch with my former classmates, a fact which I regretted very much.

While touring through Japan, I contracted an intimate friendship with a famous Tokio scientist and this event aided the gratification of my wish to see and acquaint myself with my former friends once again. This scientist was deeply interested in the study of radio-television, a system whereby one could hear and see at any distance, if provided with the necessary equipment. This man owned a complete outfit, and I made it my business to take advantage of this at once. I may mention here that this system of radio-television was perfected in 1937 but was not used commercially until 1939, and as the Japanese government forbade the practice of it he was compelled to use the set in secrecy.

After receiving full directions from the scientist, who possessed a profound knowledge of the system, I prepared myself to test the extraordinary qualities of the contrivance, little realizing that all the professor had said about it would come true.

I peered through the lens and turned the necessary dials. Lo and behold! There was the City of New York staring me right in the face. Who could have failed to recognize it with its towering skyscrapers, brilliant signs, and flourishing shops. Suddenly the interior of a large and handsomely furnished office came in sight and my eyes centered on the personage of an important looking man, who was busily engaged counting out large sums of money. The man was none other than Donald Leith, obviously treasurer of a big New York banking house. Little did I think that Donald's experience as class room treasurer would lead to this. And who was the young lady sitting beside Mr. Leith, note book in hand, no doubt waiting to take his dictation? In a few seconds her features became familiar, and I acknowledged the presence of Elsa Bayer, who was probably using her knowledge of stenography and typewriting, gained at the hands of capable instructors in B. H. S. to good advantage.

On a sudden impulse I twisted the dial and the scene changed immediately. Before me appeared a large audience of people plainly enjoying the queer antics of two singular looking persons, who were performing on the stage. One was an elongated piece of humanity, the other, in marked contrast, a diminutive one. I remember Donald Berges and Jack Weinseimer amusing the class during lunch period, but at that time I never thought that these two fellows would ever reach the vaudeville stage. Soon their act ended, and the curtain then rose on a dramatic scene. I was dumbfounded. There was Christine Singman in the leading role, and her achievement brought the house down. A dancing skit was the next thing on the program, and I was surprised indeed to see Mary Demeter and Marie Riordan strutting their stuff. Their production went over big—at least it did with me.

Suddenly I saw pictured before me a huge stadium filled with thousands of wildly cheering men and women, and then a field spotted with players in baseball garb. I noticed a distinguished looking individual in civilian clothes walk out to the pitcher's box with a brand-new ball in

his hand. You can imagine my astonishment when I heard the official announcer utter these words "Governor Frank Hower of New York will throw in the first ball." Frank had risen from President of our class to Governor of New York State. It sounded like the rise to fame of the hero in one of Horatio Alger's well known novels.

Presently the game commenced and soon my glances centered on the home plate. Before long a lengthy human being trotted to the rubber, and his gait appeared only too familiar to me. It was Ken Tidaback, sporting a New York Yankee uniform. I was amazed to see Ken strike out. I never saw him do that while defending the honors of B. H. S. but then we must take into consideration the fact that he was being trained under the watchful eye of Coach Bill Foley.

After seeing Ken perform for an inning or so, the scene faded and a stately white building presented itself to me. It surely was a welcome sight for the structure was none other than Bloomfield High School, the home of wholesome competition. Presently a door appeared before me with the number 105 on it. How well I remember that room. The door opened and hastily I glanced inside. Why I thought I was dreaming. I pinched myself to make sure I was not. Yes, it was Eleanor Cowie instructing some boys and girls how to get something out of Milton's Comus. I am sorry to say I could never figure out this work despite the fact that Miss Anne Smith had been my tutor. I sincerely wished Eleanor the best of luck, but I had my doubts as to whether or not she would accomplish her task.

In a minute or so another room made its appearance, and I focused my optics on the young man seated at the desk. I was dumbfounded when I recognized John Sauer imparting knowledge of Problems of Democracy to a group of rather bewildered looking students. Strange things certainly do happen!

Finally I bid farewell to old B. H. S. and then I found myself gazing on Bloomfield avenue in general, and Pierson's architectural office in particular. At least it was Pierson's fifteen years ago. Printed on the window in large letters were these words: "Clifford Weber, Architect." I remember Cliff having worked there after school each day, but it had never occurred to me that he would some day own the place. Yes, there was Cliff seated at a desk apparently diligently engaged in his work. But when I glanced across the room and spied Margaret Persson and May Griffin employed in some secretarial work, Cliff's apparent interest in his work was questionable. I must hand credit to Cliff for picking out such able assistants.

My eyes wandered up and down Bloomfield avenue, until they rested on an A. & P. chain store, out of which emerged a small young man who entered a waiting car. Instantly I thought of John Ballamy who, I recalled, worked for that concern after school hours. I came to the conclusion that John had risen from clerk to superintendent or perhaps even to the presidency.

I glanced across the street, and sighted a huge red truck bearing the name Swift & Company. From this truck a tall, husky specimen of manhood was carrying meat into a nearby store. A broad grin identified him as Theron Williams, whose popularity while at school was due to the fact that it was an impossibility to arouse his anger. In my opinion he didn't possess such a thing.

The next scene presented itself in the form of Mountainside Hospital

and gradually fixed itself on the operating room and its surroundings. Here a doctor attired in a white garment and armed with a number of evil looking instruments was in the act of operating on a patient. A close examination convinced me that the physician was none other than Wilfred Van Gieson, and my heart went out to the object of his intentions. Before long my optics were concentrated on the features of two young women, evidently the doctor's assistants. Did my eyes betray me? I keenly scrutinized them to assure myself that my eyes had not deceived me. I could not help but envy Doc Van Gieson when I recognized Helen Spiedon and Catherine Smith.

Next I saw pictured before me the enormous Chicago Stadium packed to capacity with a flowing crowd of humanity, who were about to witness the annual grid struggle between the two elevens representing the Army and the Navy. A close-up revealed the Cadets marching in full array, and my attention was particularly attracted to one who seemed to possess an air of authority. It was my old friend Ernie Barker serving, I suppose, as captain in the United States Army.

Another close-up showed me a portion of the stands, and a careful inspection resulted in my recognizing Wanda Cieslinski, who was deriving much amusement from some cartoons which appeared in a well-known Chicago newspaper. While attending school I heard that Wanda intended to be a school teacher, and it naturally occurred to me that she had taken a day off to view the game. In one corner of the paper I read these words: "By Lew Hutchings." So Lew was spending his time drawing funny pictures. I recalled Lew as having done some remarkably fine work as art editor for our Class Book of January, 1927. In a short time Wanda proceeded to turn over the sheets of the newspaper, until an attractive looking advertisement caught her eye. She looked at it, and I did likewise. Way down in the corner of the advertisement I saw the name Mildred Schreiber, who in all probability had designed it. I am positive that it was the same Mildred Schreiber I had known at school, because she had more than once stated her intentions of following this profession.

In time the view was transformed into a sort of oblong shape, which was also filled with an enthusiastic mass of people, who were watching some ten men performing on bicycles. I heard one spectator shout out: "Come on, Hamie," and I instantly thought of and then recognized my old classmate, Henry Hambacher, spinning around the track on one of those vehicles, which while at school he had always raved about.

Again the prospect shifted and the next object presented to my sight was the interior of a room, which to me was not very familiar. After considering the various articles which constituted its makeup I decided that it must be a Ladies Beauty Parlor. I was not wrong in my decision, but I wondered who in the world that I knew could have landed here. A rather elderly woman was seated in a chair all ready to take on an artificial appearance. She was unknown to me. However, the woman who was prepared to give her the artificial face was not—her eyes had aided me greatly in identifying her—Ethel Hower was the woman.

A small shop located next door proved to be of interest to me. I peered inside, and recognized Helen Toennies, the former "wiz" of B. H. S. The furnishings of the store informed me that Helen had taken up the practice of interior decorating.

And still another scene was produced and I was not puzzled as to what it was. Two basketball quintets were battling it out on an elegant court while many hundred spectators cheered them on. One team was known to me. That team was the Original Celtics, the acme of court combinations in the United States, and I wondered who on earth that I knew possessed enough basketball talent to perform with them. I did not wonder long. A fiery bunch of hair arrested my eye sight, and this signified the presence of John "Red" O'Gara, the one-time flash of B. H. S. John certainly had improved during the past fifteen years or so. Then my eyes came to rest on the bench which contained the extra players and the manager. The manager particularly seemed familiar—very familiar indeed. He was, in fact, an excellent resemblance of myself. Perhaps you have guessed who he was. Yes, it was my brother Al, who had surely carried his managerial instinct to a great extent.

The next object to entertain me was the City of Newark. Good old Newark. It sure was a welcome spectacle. My vision detected the Prudential Insurance Company, and a close-up disclosed a bevy of girls making their way in through the main entrance. Two of them I had once been acquainted with. They were Dorothy Parizot and Josephine Donnerwicz, two capable stenographers and typists who had acquired exceptional ability while learning these vocations at Bloomfield High School.

The delightful program was continued with a general survey of Broad street, with its prosperous appearing shops of all varieties. They made no special appeal to me until I detected the words Silverman & Tasgal scrawled across the face of a large window, and then I stopped to investigate. Sure enough, there were the two "girls" bustling about inside waiting on customers. I felt quite sure that they had been highly successful in their enterprise.

Suddenly, like a bolt from a clear sky, there came dashing down Broad street, a high powered car with a Newark motor cycle cop in hot pursuit. After a thrilling chase the cop finally succeeded in bringing the auto to a halt, and you can imagine my amazement when Doug Kelly emerged all flustered up. "What's the rush," the cop inquired. "There is an important meeting of the officers of the Blanchard Lumber Company, and I have to be there on time," Doug replied. Possibly Doug was now president of the corporation, which his father had so ably managed in days gone by.

Doug had stopped the car, and when he attempted to put it in motion again, the motor failed to respond to his efforts. After about five minutes, a rather tall young man emerged from the throng. His big, black eyeglasses helped me to recognize him as Ernest Zeim, who, I am positive, graduated from Stevens Institute, where he had taken up the study of engineering. Ernie happened along just in time to render valuable service to the nearly frantic Mr. Kelly. Soon the trouble was discovered. Doug had run out of gas.

New York presented itself once again, and the scene shifted to Broadway and incidentally to a high-class cabaret, where a snappy looking orchestra was rendering a number of jazz selections. I could not help but admire the talent of one of the violinists, who proved to be Edgar Mitchell. Presently one person in the assemblage requested the orchestra to play "Far Away." I confess I don't know whether that was sarcasm or not.

After a time an attractive appearing young woman stepped out and rendered a highly pleasing vocal selection. Harriet Whitmore certainly could sing, and the audience extended her a great hand.

The orchestra struck it up again, but soon another kind of music blended with the jazz until finally my ears concentrated on the latter. I peered up the street, and noticed a sort of parade approaching. It was a group of boy scouts headed by a band, and a man who seemed to be a leader. I uttered an exclamation when the features of George Missbach were brought to light.

The inside of an elegant bank was the next object of my vision. The clock said five minutes to nine. Seated at a desk was Mildred Spatz engaged in writing some important papers. At another desk was seated Caroline Hopper, who, I suppose, was doing some similar work. Soon the clock struck nine, and in came Marguerite Fenstermacher just in time. I could not help but think how Marguerite always managed to get to school just before the final bell rang.

At last my Japanese friend stated he desired to observe a scientific meeting held in London. I extended my hearty thanks to him for the pleasant hour his kindness afforded me in renewing old acquaintances.

WILLIAM KOCH, January, 1927.

Moving Pictures

The Thundering Herd—Lunch Room Line
 Bigger Than Barnum's—Room 105
 The Big Show—Senior Play
 The Gay Deceiver—"Philippa Carter"
 That's My Baby—"Isabel"
 Subway Sadie—Mildred Schreiber
 Puppets—Cast of Senior Play
 Behind the Front—Stage Manager, etc.
 The Family Upstairs—Room 205
 Fine Manners—Lunch Room
 Into Her Kingdom—Miss Smith entering 105
 It Must Be Love—Several of Our Class
 Say It Again—That A in a Test
 The Big Parade—After Montclair Game
 Les Miserables—After Reports
 Dance Madness—The Prom
 The First Year—Freshman Class
 The Three Musketeers—A. Koch, T. Williams, J. O'Gara
 His Secretary—Miss Miller
 Too Much Money—D. Leith
 The Wise Guy—Jack Weinseimer
 One Minute to Play—Commencement
 We Moderns—Class of January '27.

H. T.

Can You Imagine?

Mildred Schreiber—washing dishes after play practice
Frank Hower—not being able to play the piano
Caroline Hopper—not liking "Andy"
Gerta Tasgal—six feet
Kenneth Tidaback—fat
Dorothy Parizot—without Elsa Bayer
Marie Riordan—as a bleached blonde
Mildred Spatz—without her eyeglasses
Harriet Whitmore—not bringing her lunch
Donald Berges—five feet
Mary Demeter—with a dress of one color
Jack Weinseimer—as Dean of Harvard.
Wanda Cieslinski—not being cheerful
Josephine Donnerwicz—without a grin
Margaret Persson—not being nice to Cliff
Catherine Smith—without a boy friend
Helen Speiden—being noisy
Helen Toennies—being stupid
Bertha Silverman—not asking questions
George Missbach—swearing
William Koch—not being mistaken for his brother
John O'Gara—without red hair
Theron Williams—being angry
Henry Hambacher—not being interested in bicycles
Ernest Barker—wearing a size 7 shoe
Albert Koch—not being interested in sports
Cliff Weber—being serious
Ethel Hower—not dressed attractively
Donald Leith—not talking to girls
Ernest Zeim—coming to school late
Eleanor Cowie—without earrings
Lew Hutchings—not chewing gum
John Sauer—not arguing in P. D. Class
Edgar Mitchell—not blushing
May Griffin—without a compact
Elsa Bayer—not being able to typewrite
John Ballamy—without a lumber jacket
Christine Singman—not being nice to Mr. Fitzgerald
Wilfred Van Gieson—not riding around with Robbins
Doug Kelly—without his Willys-Knight
Margaret Fenstermacher—without a smile
Room 105—without Miss Smith

M. F. & W. K.

In Old Man Caesar's Time

In old man Caesar's time, they had
 No Fords or trolley cars;
They hadn't heard of Volstead,
 And they didn't know of Mars.

They had no movies—what a life!
 No parties or bazaars.
They didn't know the Charleston.
 Just compare their day with ours.

They had no jazzy orchestras;
 No saxaphones were there,
The poets wrote their verses
 To the length of maiden's hair!

They had no flappers then, unless you
 Counted Cleopat;
But where they had just one—we have a
 Million—more than that.

The colleges were places where they studied,
 And that's all,
The Profs allowed no fooling
 And the kids played no football.

They had some good ideas all right;
 The palaces were prime.
The emperors dressed up in jewels—
 In old man Caesar's time.

They'd trade their togas, tho,' I bet
 For just one juicy bite
Of the hot-dog we've invented,
 At a hot-dog stand tonight!

H. T.

A Freshman from the Amazon
Put nighties of his Gramazon
The reason's that
He was too fat
To put his own Pajamazon.

Doubtful Statements

Announcement by Coach Foley: Football practice twice a week this season.

Only ten dollars or more will be accepted by the officers of the school savings bank.

Matching pennies allowed only in the study hall and office.

Belleville trounces Bloomfield in baseball.

Never mind making up time for your tardiness.

Superintendent Morris advocates shorter school hours.

Never mind paying a fine for throwing that eraser.

Students may go to the store as often as they wish during the lunch period.

Due to the good behavior of students in the study hall it will be unnecessary to have a teacher present hereafter.

Final examinations are to be eliminated because of the remarkable intelligence displayed by pupils.

Cohen: I passed Cicero today, father.

Cohen, Sr.: Did he speak to you?

Johnny (at table): Will the dessert make me sick, or is there enough to go around?

"Son, why are you always behind in your studies?"

"So that I may pursue them, dad."

Teacher: Go out and buy me some plums, Willie. Before you buy them, pinch one or two, to see if they are ripe.

Ten minutes later.

Teacher: Oh, thank you, Willie! Did you pinch one or two as I told you?

Willie: Did I? I pinched the whole bagful, and here's your ten cents.

Lives of Seniors oft' remind us,
We can always do our best,
And, departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

Too much fun,
Too much sport,
Nothing done,
Bum report.

"There goes another pupil," said the Professor, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

Musical Bits

My Dream of the Big Parade—Graduation March
Just a Little Longer—'Till Graduation
The Birth of the Blues—Report Day
My Lucky Day—Closing Day of School
Ting a Ling—8:20
Because of You—I Flunked
Hi Diddle Diddle—Donald Berges
Two Time Tessie—Catherine Smith
Lonely for Someone—Marguerite Fenstermacher
Whose Little Who Are You—Jack Weinseimer
Where'd You Get Those Eyes—Ethel Hower
Baby Face—Douglas Kelly
Me Too—Gerta Tasgal
Tie Me to Your Apron Strings—Donald Leith
The Merry Widow—Mary Demeter

M. F.

A beautiful girl named Flo,
Had a dumb but good-looking beau.
Said Flo to her beau
"Will you go to a show?"
Said the beau "If you'll blow, I'll go, Flo."

—LOONEY.

Senior: Know where there's a good funeral?
Miss Smith: No! Why?
Senior: Mr. Walrath just told us a joke and I want something to
cheer me up.

—LOONEY.

HOW A DIPLOMA MAY BE USED

1. Lay out on a flat surface.
2. Procure a pot of glue and spread thickly over surface of the parchment.
3. Allow this to dry—then place anywhere flies gather.

—LOONEY.

There was a young fellow named Leith,
Who came from a wee hielan' heath.
He sure was a Scot,
For each five spot he got
He tested with all of his teeth.

There was a young fellow named "Bimp,"
Who was anything but a shrimp.
He stood six feet four,
And was dumb as a door
En francais, il 'etait un simp.

Kelly was a gentle lamb,
His Ruthie led him round.
And everywhere that Ruthie went,
Doug Kelly could be found.

There was once a maiden antique,
Who went to the movies each wique.
She would have gone more,
But, alas, she was pore
And she never could capture a shique.

Too often life is weary,
Too often life is blue,
Too often one has
Too much "studying" to do.
—E. Z. W.

I pity the Jews,
I pity the Greeks,
I pity the one that
Stole my sneaks.
—E. Z. W.

I pity the window,
I pity the door,
I pity the one that,
Comes in half past four.
—E. Z. W.

That love is blind,
There is no doubt:
That's why they have
The lights turned out.

Percy studied chemistry,
He studied long and late;
Percy breathed some chlorine gas—
He'll not graduate!

—E. B.

Salesman: How do you like your new washing machine.

Disappointed Customer: Every time I get in the thing the paddles
knock me off my feet.

Dumb: Did you ever hear of anyone's sleeping with his shoes on?

Dumber: No, did you?

Dumb: Yes. My horse does.

Young Man: You enjoyed yourself in Paris, I presume.

Young Lady: I certainly did. But I'm glad I was born in a country
where I understand the language.

Book Reports

"The Man Without a Heart"—Mr. Haupin
"Our Mutual Friend"—Edgar Stover
"Castle Blair"—Graduation Night
"The Turmoil"—Graduation Night
"The Slow Coach"—Crosstown Trolley
"The Flirt"—Mary Demeter
"The House of Youth"—B. H. S.
"Six Feet Four"—Donald Berges
"Oh Money! Money"—Donald Leith
"The Age of Innocence"—Senior A
"Seventeen"—Most of Us
"The Covered Wagon"—Cedar Grove Bus
"A Woman Named Smith"—Our Class Room Teacher
"Freckles"—Gerta Tasgal
"The Twins"—Frank and Ethel Hower
"The Heavenly Twins"—Al and Bill Koch
"Bread"—John O'Gara

M. F.

Ikey: What are you going to do when you graduate from B. H. S.

Abie: Going into the noodle business.

Ikey: Ah! in a macaroni factory?

Abie: No, in a barber shop.

—H. T.

The girls of today are too wise
And too fickle.
And the more they use lipstick
The less their lips tickle.

—Looney.

"They won't make a bricklayer out of me," said the hen as she kicked
the porcelain egg out of her nest.

—Looney.

Flo: Do you love me?

E. H.: Madly.

Flo: Would you die for me?

E. H.: No, mine is an undying love.

—Looney.

Dr. VanGieson: You have acute tonsilitis.

M. Schreiber: Yes, so many people have admired it.

—L. H.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Poised on danger's brink.
With brow uplift, he coolly stood,
And watched the kitchen sink.

—L. H.

Mr. Haupin: What would you do if you had an eight-sided figure?

Berges: I'd start a side show.

—L. H.

Storekeeper: Can you work a cash register?

Tibby: Yes.

Storekeeper: Good; don't forget to do it.

—Looney.

Helen's Sister: Shall I tell Helen you called?

Jack: No, never mind Helen.

Helen's Sister: But aren't you her beau?

Jack: Well, I'm a member of the club.

—Looney.

Maggie: I feel like hiding my head every time I see the family wash out in the back yard.

Tibby: Oh, do they?

—L. H.

Sugar is sugar,

Salt is salt;

If you laugh at these

It's your own darn fault.

—Looney.

Mr. Walrath to Ernst (who is trying to strike wrong end of match):
Why not use the other end?

Napoleon: Aw, anybody can do it that way.

—L. H.

Hower: Here's a job for you, Tibby. They want a man to work in the Eagle Laundry.

Tibby: Oh, fo goo'ness sakes; what do I know about washing eagles.

—Looney.

Judge (to prospective juryman): So you've formed an opinion of the case?

P. J.: Yes; one look at that man convinced me he was guilty.

Judge: Heavens, man; that's the prosecuting attorney.

—L. H.

Ma: Carol, did you dream you were out riding with Tidaback last night?

Carol: Yes, ma; how'd you guess it?

Ma: I saw you walking in your sleep.

USELESS INFORMATION

Clams are best eaten with their shells removed.

It is very cold at the North Pole in the winter.

If you pick up a hot bunson burner you will probably burn yourself.

It is 250 miles from Bloomfield to a point exactly 250 miles away.

If you studied eight hours a day, you'd probably pass "Chemistry."

If you visited "Uncle Edgar" three times a day you would probably know him very well in four years.

Shoes, if worn continually, will eventually wear out.

When our shoes wear out we'll be on our feet again.

Many a true word has been spoken through false teeth.

"This runs into money," said the cat as he watched the rat run into the cash register.

"It won't be long now," said the Freshman, as he put his nose to the grindstone.

—Us Seniors.

Why I'll Always Be Happy

When my happy school days are over
 Tho' lonesome I may be,
Surely there'll be one thing
 To cheer me up, you see.
I'll look back at my school chums,
 And dream I'm up in heaven
Because I was a member of
 The Class of '27.

L. H.

Finis

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

